THE BOMBAY COURIER.

PUBLISHED TWICE A WEEK,—EVERY SATURDAY AND TUESDAY MORNING.—PRICE 13 RUPEES PER QUARTER.

VOL. XLI.] TUESDAY, 25 JUNE, 1833. [NO. 2252.

BOMBAY AMATEUR THEATRE.

IN consequence of the abrupt withdrawal of the GENTLEMAN who was to have personated the principal character in LOFTY PROJECTS, and other unforeseen circumstances, the Managers are reluctantly compelled to postpone the Performance 'till Friday, the 28th Instant, when the Amateurs will have the honor of representing the laughable Farce of THE VILLAGE LAWYER, to conclude with THE SLEEPING DRAUGHT.

Tickets and Places to be had at the Theatre on Thursday the 27th., and Friday the 28th Instant.

Boxes..... 6 Rs. | Upper Boxes. 3 Rs.
Pit..... 4 Rs. | Gallery..... 2 Rs.

Green Room, 25th June, 1833.

NOTICE.—The Undersigned having been appointed AGENTS for the INDEMNITY INSURANCE OFFICE of CALCUTTA, are authorized to grant Policies of Insurance on the usual terms.

McGREGOR, EDMOND AND CO.

Bombay, 27th May, 1833.

FOR SALE by Public Auction at Noon, on Wednesday next, at the Rooms of Messrs FRITH BOMANJEE AND CO. a high Caste Brown Arab colt, 3 year old, 14.1 high, fine temper, and promises well as regards his future qualifications. He may be seen and particulars made known, on application to the Advertizers.

They will also sell, if not previously disposed of, a pair of Capital well matched Grey Carriage Horses.

A London built Phaeton, recently imported per *Cumbrian*, and a set of handsome and Carriage Harness.

ON Friday next, the 28th Instant, at 11 A. M. Messrs. FRITH BOMANJEE AND CO. will sell by Public Auction, the Household Furniture and Property of Lieut. IGGLESDEN, I. N. at his Residence Colabah (the second Bungalow on the right hand from the Ferry). The same consists of a small assortment of Plated Ware, Glass Ware, Queen's Ware, Couches, Tables, Chairs, Cots, Sideboard, Carpets, Wardrobes, Hanging Lamps, and the usual minor requisites appertaining to a small est blishment.

N. B. The property may be viewed one day preceding the sale, during which day and the day of sale, the Ferry is passable at all hours.

PIANO FORTES FOR SALE.

A Handsome Rose-wood Cabinet Piano Forte, imported per H. C. S. *Thames*, price Rupees 800.

A neat square Piano Forte by Broadwood, upon a new construction, with metal sounding board.....Rs. 600 0 0

Apply to Messrs. FRITH BOMANJEE AND CO.

FOR Sale by Public Auction, to-morrow, Wednesday, the 26th Instant, at Messrs. FRITH BOMANJEE AND CO'S. Rooms, several valuable Oil Paintings, recently imported, consisting of "Meg Merrilies," "Unfortunate Disaster," "Cobbett, before he was a Member," &c. &c. &c. The whole are now on view.

FOR FREIGHT OR CHARTER,

TO any Port of the World, the Ship *Egyptian*, Wm. Lilburn, Commander, of 500 Tons. Will have an early dispatch. Apply to the office of Messrs, ADAM SKINNER AND CO.

Dady's Buildings, 25th June, 1833.

"GRUAUD LA ROSE CLARET."

JUST landed from "*La Balguerie*," from Bordeaux, shipped by the Proprietors. To be had at the Godowns of Messrs. ADAM, SKINNER and CO. in one dozen cases. Terms cash; price 25 Rs. per dozen.

Bombay, 25th. June, 1833.

FOR Sale, at the Godowns of Messrs. ADAM, SKINNER AND CO., the following Wines:—

Sherry Wine, from Pitman Hullock and Co. in half Chests, at Rs. 20 per Dozen.
Ditto.....do. in Quarter do. at..... Rs. 20 do. do.
Ditto, from Charles Bell, in half Chests, at Rs. 18 do. do.
Ditto. do. do. in Pints, in cases of 6 doz. each..... Rs. 12 do. do. Pints.
Ditto in Butts of 120 Gallons each, and Hhds. Rs. 600 do. Hhd.
London Particular Madeira in Pipes.
"Destournel and Co's. Medoc first Claret," landed from the *Albion*, in cases of three dozen each, at Rs. 20 per dozen.

Term —Cash, and Parties out of Bombay to apply thro' their Agents at the Presidency.

Dady's Building's, 25th June, 1833.

ADVERTISEMENT.

NOTICE is hereby given, that BACHOBA BALLAJEE, Prabhoo, inhabitant of Bombay, having contracted with PEDRO PASCOAL LUIS, of Vurlee, to sell his oart or cocoanut plantation, situated at Purbhadavee, named Choneechee Mooltas, containing two and a half wheels; if any person or persons have any claims or inheritable right by mortgage, or otherwise he, she, or they, are requested to make the same known to the said purchaser, Padree Pascoal Luis, residing at Vurlee village, within fourteen days, from the date hereof, or else he, she, or they, will be precluded therefrom.—Dated 21st June, 1833.

TO BE LET—The well known airy and commodious House, situated at Colabah, late the property of JAMES MORLEY, Esq. For particulars apply to CURSETJEE JAMSETJEE, at the Office of Messrs. JAMSETJEE JEJEEBHOY and Co. in the Fort.

Bombay, 25th June, 1833.

TO BE LET—The House at Mazagon between Mr. M. FORBES and Mr. DE VITRE'S.

Do. at Colaba, recently vacated by Major DUFFIN.

Apply to CURSETJEE JAMSETJEE.

TO BE LET—A commodious, airy, pleasant, upper-roomed Bungalow, opposite the Bee-hive, at Camballa, lately occupied by Colonel STROVER, Commandant of Artillery. Apply to MOODY SORABJEE VATCHA GAUDY, at his Office, opposite the Town Major's Office.

Bombay, 25th June, 1833.

FOR SALE,—A few remaining copies of the BOMBAY CALENDAR and ALMANAC, printed on English Royal Paper for the present Year, containing Rules, Regulations, and other matter of local interest not previously published.—Price 6 Rupees per copy.

JUST Published—No. 11 of the QUARTERLY ARMY LIST—Price, 3 Rs.

FOR SALE at the Courier Office, a CODE OF SIGNALS, with a list of Vessels and their corresponding numbers in H. M. Service, and the Commercial Navy of Great Britain, together with those belonging to the Port of Bombay. Price, one Rupee.

FOR SALE at the Courier Office, The Oriental Sporting Magazine, from

No. 7 to 19, each No.....	3	0	0
Blank Powers of Attorney,.....	0	2	0
Do. Interest Bonds,.....	0	2	0
Do. Policies,.....	1	0	0
Do. Bills of Lading, per set,....	0	2	0
Do. Respondentia Bonds,.....	0	2	0
Do. Bills of Exchange, per set,...	0	2	0
Plans of the Island,.....	1	0	0
Traveller's Itinerary,.....	5	0	0
Insolvent Debtor's Act,.....	3	0	0

LETTER-PRESS PRINTING, neatly executed upon moderate terms.

FOR PASSAGE TO LIVERPOOL,

THE fast sailing Ship MINERVA, Captain PHILIP METCALFE, Burthen 500 Tons; has comfortable accommodations for a few passengers, and will be despatched about the 15th Proximo.—Apply to D. GIBB AND CO.

Dady's Buildings, No. 4.

NOTICE.—M. GOMES, begs to inform the public in general that he has a few copies of the Portuguese Grammar, well bound, for sale at the reduced price of 2 Rupees per copy.—Application may be made at his office.

Courier Office, 25th June, 1833.

MILITARY ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

ARRIVALS.

None.

DEPARTURE.

Surgeon J. Walker, Staff, to the Mauritius.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCE.

DEATH,

At Colaba, on the morning of the 19th Inst., Mary Anne, the Wife of Lieutenant W. Igglesden, Indian Navy, aged 34 years.

SHIPPING REPORT.

ARRIVAL.

June 22d.—Barque Egyptian, William Lilburn, Master, from London 21st January 1833, and Madeira 5th March.

Passenger.—John Hawkey, Free Mariner.

DEPARTURES.

June 22d.—Barque John Craig, Thomas Lawson, Master, to the Mauritius.

Passenger.—Dr. Walker.

—Barque Sophia, Salia, Naiquedah, to Penang,

LIST OF SHIPPING IN THE HARBOUR.

HON'BLE COMPANY'S SHIPS.—Marquis of Huntley, Duke of Sussex, Thames, Lady Melville, Farquharson, and Herefordshire.

HON'BLE COMPANY'S SLOOP OF WAR.—Elphinstone.

HON'BLE COMPANY'S BRIG OF WAR.—Tigris.

HON'BLE COMPANY'S STEAMER—Hugh Lindsay.

HON'BLE COMPANY'S SCHOONER—Shannon.

FREE TRADERS.—Cumbrian, Cleveland, John Stamp. Sarah, Ranger, Minerva, Egyptian, and Majestic.

COUNTRY SHIPS.—Futtay Eslam, John William Dare, Maira, Discovery, Lord Castlereagh, Asia Felix, Cyrene, Sir Charles Malcolm, Hamoody, Minerva, Ann, Valasondram, Ann Fellis, Louisa, Sumdaney, Glenelg, Pittamber, and Virginia.

PORTUGUESE.—Consoliel, and Amelia.

MR. WOLFF.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOMBAY COURIER.

SIR,—I read to-day your valuable paper of the 4th of June in which you give the second letter of Mr. Burnes, and observe that that letter leaves little doubt of the state in which my mind must have been at Cabool! Certainly, if I had said that *Muhammed was a true Prophet* who denied the Deity of Jesus Christ, whilst according to Mr. Burnes's own assertion I maintained the Deity of Jesus Christ before the Mullahs and Doost Muhammed Khan, (whether with strong or weak arguments he confesseth the fact.) I certainly must have been *cracked*—downright *cracked*—then it would be very extraordinary that I should have been cracked at Cabool where it was *cold*, and coming from a cold country, and that I should have come again to my senses in travelling through the *hot Punjaub* to *Loodianah* in the mouth of June, and perfectly cured on my arrival at Simla. But the case is this, that I believe Muhammed (and this I told Mr. Burnes,) *not to have been a designed Impostor* but a deluded *enthusiast and at the* same time an *instrument* in the hands of God for the chastisement of dissensions in the Churches, and the pulling down of *Idolatry*, for in the same light he is considered by *Sale*, Herder, Friedrich Schlegel, and Cardinal Litta. The great commentator of Shakespeare, F. Schlegel calls him "*a sublime genius*, who fell after *Satan* shewed to him the Kingdoms of this world!" and Schlegel is a Catholic, who tries to re-establish the Spirit of the middle age—whilst Herder was a Protestant. That I am not in need of an interpreter with Persians, Major Low at Lucknow may testify who heard me delivering a lecture in the presence of the King of *Oude*, and all the *British Inhabitants* of Patna, when there; and now here at Hyderabad I am visited in the Residency by Persians with whom I speak *without an Interpreter*. That I believe to have been *favoured* with *visions*—(with *one at Bokhara*, another at *Malta*) *is true*, that I subdued the *Devil* in the Desert of Egypt is *true*—but not *frequently* as Burnes writes—about *Elijah* I did not tell him *one single word*—he has given a misstatement of this which he has seen in a letter to Dr. Riach which you are at liberty to publish. I communicated these circumstances *only to my exalted benefactors at Simlah*, but never *preached them*, for the object of my preaching is Jesus Christ, Him Crucified and *Him Glorified*—and not my *Visions*. I was open to Mr. Burnes which *openness he abused*; for whilst he was very kind towards me when at Cabool, he wrote all the time against me to *Loodianah* and *Simlah*. If I am crazy, on account of my belief in *miracles* then I derive this insanity from Mark XVI, 17. If I am crazy on account of Visions then Leibnitz, Johnson, Schlegel, Stilling, and many others were *crazy* too. However this is not *my object to preach*—it is *true* that I said at Cabool that my private opinion was that *young Napoleon* will be the Antichrist, in which *idea*, I was mistaken. There are *different opinions* among the Mahomedans about Antichrist دجّال some say that a Jew will be Antichrist—others a *Frank*—but Burnes had first written to India that I believed young Napoleon to be the second *incarnation of Christ*—that I could not have said that I am the Wing of the *Beast* in the Revelations is clear—for there is no *Wing of the Beast in the Revelation*.

I never gave to Mr. Burnes the Jesuitical advice *he mentions*. He told me that he would in case of necessity say the *Mahomedan Creed*—I told him that it was wrong, for one needs not to tell to every one the *whole truth*, but as far as one speaks it *must be true*. For instance, I, when asked at Mayar, whence I came told the *Osbeks*, from Malta! It was not necessary to tell them that I had left London 6 years ago, but Mr. Burnes neither spoke the *whole* nor *half* the *truth* when he pretended to be an *Armenian watch maker*. His statements of my argument with the *Moolluhs*—or his having been my Interpreter, is *not correct*. You will do me the justice of inserting this in your valuable paper, for you can have no hatred towards me. I never offended you. If I am deluded I wish to be set aright, I have never brought forward my *particular view until called for either on* prophecies or miracles.

I never stated in my journals that I had called the Mahomedans of Cabool *Infidels* as *Burnes* says—as my journals are printed you can convince yourself of it. I am,

Dear Sir,
Your's truly
JOSEPH WOLFF, *Missionary.*

P. S. If I believed Mahommed to be a true Prophet I would not have combatted the Mahomedans about the Ramazan and then deposited my Muhomedan profession with a Lieutenant of the British Army!

JOSEPH WOLFF.

P. S. As a humble student of Prophecy, of that word of Prophecy, which was spoken by men, as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, I beseech you, Dear Sir, not to allow your public Paper to become the vehicle of the conveyance of irreligiousity and scoffing—for a great calamity stares at Bombay, and other places of India—and the day of our Lord Jesus Christ is nigh—the Prophecy is not *far off*. It is wonderful, how you Editors of *Newspapers* shew almost daily, without your intention, that Prophecy hastens with the swiftness of an eagle towards its fulfilment, and time it is, for Infidelity has inundated Europe. We are as the great Poet Schiller says "insensible for our master's glory, like the dead stroke of a clock!" and those people, who do not carry on the preaching of the Gospel like a *trade* of which one lives like of a milch cow, are considered *deluded* enthusiasts, hypocrites, and fanatics! *Rationalism* is the God of the age, and the dictates of the heart are in the most tyrannical manner silenced and suppressed. Every looking up towards heaven is considered and punished as a crime *against reason* and derided as superstition and cant! A complete system of *assassination*, and *overturning of authorities* is called *Spirit of Reform*. It ought to be called *Deform!* A *Cobbet, Hunt, Hume*, are now the *organs* of the nation—and a complete system of rebellion against Church and State, as in the time of Core, Dathan and *Abiram*, are carried on—Tithes established by God, and existing among all nations, and offered to Melchizedec by Abraham, are now refused. *Blaspheming Jews* and *Papists* admitted to Parliament. Always pulling down, and not building up is the *present system* of *civilization!* *A King* is no longer presiding over the nation by the *Grace of God*, but by the *Voice of the Mob*—complete *Mob* Governments all over Europe!—That the Lord Jesus Christ may soon hasten to save his Church, is the prayer of your humble servant,

JOSEPH WOLFF.

THE COURIER.

TUESDAY, 25 JUNE, 1833.

We have received within the last few days a letter from Mr. Wolff the Missionary, which we take this opportunity of publishing, together with a third letter from Lieutenant Burnes bringing forward some additional charges against the Rev. gentleman. As Lieutenant Burnes was to leave Calcutta for England shortly after the publication of his last letter, this correspondence must now have arrived near its close. We shall be happy however to publish a copy of any acknowledgement Mr. Wolff may favor us with, of the repayment of the Rs. 1,000 alluded to in Lieutenant Burnes's letter, together with any explanation he may have to offer regarding that loan; and especially the reason of its not having been paid out of the Rs. 10,000 received by him from the King of Oude.

We noticed on Tuesday last the efforts which had been made in Calcutta to defeat the Bombay plan for opening a steam communication with Europe. As long as any hopes existed that these would succeed, the most artful means appear to have been adopted to ensure their having the desired effect. The fact that the community of Bombay declined to support the visionary scheme of Captain Johnstone, was repeated to the good people of Calcutta in a dozen different ways, with the laudable intention of exciting feelings of hostility towards us. And when this plan failed, a scheme appears to have been got up for opening a direct Steam communication between Calcutta and Suez, as a bait for drawing away the assistance of Bengal, Madras, and Ceylon, from this side of India. A new light however, from the direction of Barrackpoor, it is said, has broken in upon the Editor of the Hurkaru; for instead of continuing to advocate any plan which was proposed but the Bombay one, he suddenly turns round, and in the most amiable manner remarks, "instead of manifesting any unworthy jealousy towards our Bombay friends, let us, we say, cordially unite with them for the general good!"—Be the cause however of this extraordinary change of sentiment what it may, we must say, it is unfortunate it did not take place sooner—at least before the public feeling in Calcutta had manifested itself decidedly in our favor;—we should then have been inclined to place more confidence in its sincerity and permanence. It is satisfactory however, late as it has come, for it proves most clearly that not the shadow of a hope was entertained in Calcutta in favor of any scheme but the one which has been started, and hitherto so liberally supported, on this side of India.

We now think that little doubt can be entertained of the speedy accomplishment of the proposed communication. The fatal effect of cavilling at the details of the committee's plan, has been clearly pointed out in most of the Calcutta papers, and a general feeling appears to prevail in favor of unanimity and co-operation throughout the whole of India. In Madras, as well as in Calcutta, a public meeting has been appointed to raise funds in behalf of the Bombay scheme, and it appears by private letters received within the last few days from both of those places, that not only are the local Governments warmly in our favor, but that the members of Government, as private individuals, are taking an active part in getting up the public meetings.

CALCUTTA.

THE REVD. JOSEPH WOLFF, TO LIEUT. BURNES.

DEAR SIR.—I undertake now to answer your letter from line to line, for the purpose of shewing to the world how self-deceived an unconverted man can be, even the most clever and amiable of them.

1. "You complain of having made "free use of your name:" this I did; for, on my arrival at Loodianah and Simla, I saw in public prints, and by the accounts of others, how much you tried to render my views ridiculous; and therefore I thought it fit and proper to give my own statement, and make the same use, though with more delicacy and charity, than you did with mine.

2. You say that I represented myself as telling the followers of the prophet that they were "*Kaffirs* or *Infidels!*" I ask you in what page of my Journals did you find this expression? I neither used with Jews or Muhamedans, but I spoke of the fulness of the Godhead in Persian "Poorre utemamexi khoda," پری تمامکی خدا, and *I have not been deceiving myself about it.*

3. You speak of my utter incapability of holding any such disputations with the people of Cabool from my ignorance of the Persian language. All the English inhabitants, and Mussulman Moolvees of Patna, in the neighbourh

of Calcutta, and all those of Dehli and Lucknow, whose reports have been printed in the *India Gazette* and the *Hurkaru* at different times, will prove the *untruth of this assertion.*

4. You say that the expressions " spirit of wisdom" and " spirit of truth" would have puzzled the illustrious and elegant Jones:" this shews your knowledge of the Persian language, for " spirit of wisdom" is simply روح الحکمت (Arabic) and " spirit of truth" روح الحق or روح راست so that they do not need a great volubility of speech.

5. You say that " *you acted* as *Interpreter during the whole of the conversations.*" I answer THIS IS FALSE, TOTALLY FALSE: the whole matter of fact is this, that you frequently interrupted me, and it is true that as the Afghan *Dialect* was not yet quite familiar to me, I sometimes asked you *for a word.*

You say further " you are well aware that I recorded on the following day the scope of the whole conversations which I read to you in presence of Dr. Gerard."

Answer. I beg your pardon; you read merely a few remarks, in which you said that *I cited texts from the Gospel* in *my conversing with the Moollah*, which statement I contradicted at the time, and complained beside this to Dr. Gerard, that you try in your reports to make a fool of me; and Gerard said " you can write your own statement."

7. " You have not confined yourself to the report of the conversation of the Natives, etc."

Answer. " All you say here about may requesting you to interpret my views about the Milennium, and your remonstrating about it, is as true as your statement to Muhammed Moorad Beg of your being a Armenian watch maker; but the whole was *about the Divinity of Jesus Christ, which you denied*, and before Dr. Gerard you said that my views with regard to *Jesus were not orthodox!*

8. In your own statement of the conversation cited in the *Hurkaru*, is only this true what you state about your own argument of " the rising and setting sun."

9. You go on, " Mr. Wolff, in endeavouring to explain himself, spoke of *Jesus, Moses*, and *Mahommed* in a way that called forth their rebuke; they begged he would not mention these holy personages, *without* the respectful *affix* of " peace be unto them" Mr. Wolff begged pardon for the omission."

Answer. Not a word of truth in this assertion; again *not one single word of truth!* for if they had rebuked me for it, I would have said that, with regard to *Jesus*, I would use a higher *affix*, and with regard to Mahommed I have no belief in his Divine message, and therefore I always used with the Mohammedans the expression ﷺ " *your Prophet*;" but that I threw the Bible on the ground, or that they read the names of the Chiefs *in Khorasan*, is quite *ridiculous*; for I have just lain the Bible before *me*, and I see that their names *are not* to be *found in it!*

10. *About casting out devils*, I remember merely that I shewed to you Mark XVI, and told you *one single instance only* of a man whom I met with in the Desert of Egypt, and whom I believed to be possessed of the devil, and the man was silenced by the mentioning of the name *of Jesus*, and that I believe that many even in Europe, especially the Infidels, are possessed of the devil! but your saying that I had asserted that " *I had* frequently ejected devils in Egypt," is an invention of your lively imagination, nor was I ever asked to cast out some evil spirits at Cabool!

11. Nor do I remember a word of the Nawab's remark; if he did, it is worthy of a Muhamedan.

12. At last you say " you will remember of having suggested to me never to tell *the whole truth among the Uzbeks*, and you called this sentiment worthy of a Loyola!

Answer. It appears your being very much *shocked* at this sentiment, but remember well that *your being a watch-maker* which you stated before *Mahomed Moorad Beg* is neither *whole* nor a quarter of the truth, and that you have pretended to be a *watch-maker*; and that you have even boasted of having not only *told a whole falsehood*, was printed in several newspapers, and that in the Calcutta Asiatic Journals.

But I remember well the occasion on which I told you that one is not obliged to tell THE WHOLE TRUTH, and you ought to have mentioned the circumstance, which you wisely do not. Now, let me give a dialogue held between Joseph Wolff and Lieutenant Burnes in the presence of Dr. Gerard.

Burnes. " I would not have the least objection to say the *Kalima*, " there is God and nothing but God,—and Muhammed the Prophet of God!"

Wolff. " This is very wrong, to tell a lie in the name of God!"

Burnes. " But if you are in danger?"

Wolff. " One needs not to tell every thing to every one, but as far as one does, it ought to be *true—do as I did at Mazaar.*"

Now, my dear Mr. Burnes, it is very painful to me to write to you so openly, for you have been very kind to me indeed—and I am still your debtor; but I must now speak out my mind—*you are an infidel*, you have openly avowed yourself to me as such. I never would have made use of your name if you had not done it before I did, and I was obliged to do so for the honor of Jesus Christ, my Lord, whose cause by your reports you tried to bring into disrepute—and for the honor of Missionaries and Missions. The preaching of the fullness of the Godhead was the object of my conversation with the Mullahs of *Cabool*, with the Mullahs of *Delhi* and with the Mullahs of *Cawnpore* and *Patna*, where my opponents and my self, in the presence of Messrs. Elliott, Clarke, Templar, Jennings, &c., and at Lucknow in the presence of Major Low, the Resident, and others, were carried on, on paper, and read standing upon a *table*, in the presence of thousands of Mullahs! I say again, you are an unbeliever in the truth of the *Bible*, according to your own words, and as no infidel has such an enthusiasm for his SHALLOW and *inane* principles that he would be disposed to become a *martyr of his views*, you are displeased that I have exposed your views, but why did you not keep quiet? I did not interfere with your affairs at Cabool; you had once the kindness of inviting me to accompany you to the grave of Emperor Baber; I declined, and told you that descriptions of places I leave to you, for " every one has a fancy he pursues—you coins,—and I Jews——;" but you thought that you will be able to give a very spirited description of Missionary follies—and I, Joseph Wolff, like to shew the follies of the world, and their deceit and malice; but certainly gratitude for your kindness would have induced me never to make use of your name with regard to my Missionary works, if your preceding reports to Sima would not have rendered it necessary. But, let me ask you one thing? Did you not 20 times assure me, that you heard of me the Bible *interpreted in a way* that, if you ever became a Christian, you would *be according to my views*—that you believed me to be *liberal*, and my interpretations of *Jesus* being the Son of God, was more reasonable than you ever heard before?

Did you not say, that when I told you that there is in all religions some good things, for all religions are derived from one true source, and they degenerated. I say, did you not say that this was a principle which I would not say before the Archbishop of Cantenbury? Now, you see it printed.

My dear Burnes, I am not ashamed to proclaim before the whole world that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, but you are ashamed to proclaim your belief, and throughout your letter you have after all shewn that I knew your sentiments, for every one who peruses your letter discover in it at *once* a predilection for *Muhamedanism*, and a hatred towards Christianity, which hatred tends towards making contemptible, in the eyes of men, the defenders of the religion of Christ.

In the whole of your letter, though written in a great length, you have not dared to refute several conversations contained in my journals with you. How much you are a friend to *truth*, shewed to me clearly your *trial* of exculpating the *Hindoos* from Idolatry.

Now, one word more, and then I dismiss you, whilst I shall be happy to be grateful to you.

1. In my journal is stated, and given to understand that you do not believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God, and that you told me this? is it true or not; would to God that I was mistaken?

2. In my journal is said, that you thought my views with regard to the Divinity of Jesus are not *orthodox*! Is this true or not? Now, my dear Mr. Burnes, I am neither your Confessor, nor the Judge of your conscience, and therefore I beg you to fall down before the throne of mercy, in order that he may give you this which will make you as bold as a *Lion*, and which will give you sentiments which you will be glad of seeing exposed to the world, and praise the man who exposes *them*. With great regard and esteem, though widely different in views I am; but I cannot yet sign my name—before I say *one word more*—do not *believe* that I tried by this letler to represent you to the world *as a Baron von Muenchhausen, but as a* MAN, *who just has acted as every man not enlightened by divine grace would have acted*—representing my views in a manner, a distorted manner, as the *excellent* work of *Mr. Mangles* has been *represented*—now I am, your's truly,

JOSEPH WOLFF, Missionary.

Masulipatam, May 23, 1833.

TO LIEUTENANT A. BURNES.

MY DEAR MR. BURNES!—Though I have already sent off my answer to you, which I hope the Editor of the *Bengal Hurkaru* will give publicity, I beg only to permit me, to add to it the following remarks on the subject of your letter. Depend upon it that nobody, even not your own friends, will believe you, when you say that you *pitied*, and even your own friends will believe if I assert, that you should have been *delighted*, and would have enjoyed it, and amused your friends with it, if I had spoken the greatest nonsense in the world, even if I had asserted *that my religion* enables me to stand upon my head as well as upon my feet—you would have listened with *apparent* attention, and written it in your journal, with some addition—just as you wrote to India that I had said " *that young Napoleon is a second incarnation of Jesus Christ!*" Now I will tell you what impression your letter made upon me, that it is a letter of a *common scoffer*, written without any talent, and of which I can only make this use of disbelieving and disregarding more than ever the opinions, reports, and statements of scoffers—and that the letter was not at all written in a clever *style*, for you tried to make of me *a rogue* and *idiot* at one and *the same time*—but let me tell you that you did not succeed one year ago either at *Lodianah* or at *Simla*, and nobody *will believe* you at Calcutta; and recognize in you just a *common scoffer*, as one finds in Carlisle's shop at London—who tries to tell all kinds of nonsense about *Saints*—and who well know to say something good of every *heathen* and something bad of every Christian. When I was attacked lately by the *Bengal Herald*, I was after all enabled to profit of it—and thus by some remarks of the *Hurkaru* about my *lectures*—but your remarks would have been passed over with silent contempt if gratitude for the kindness (which however you tried to counterbalance by false report) I received by you, would not have induced me to give this explanation.

Your's,

JOSEPH WOLFF.

Masulipatam, May 23, 1833.

P. S. Your ignorance in scripture, which you disbelieve, is clear by your not knowing that the expression " fulness of the Godhead, and spirit of wisdom" are found in scripture, and that therefore I must have known them as I have read H. Martyn's Testament—and Thomason's Isaiah.—*Hurkaru.*

LIEUT. BURNES TO THE REV. JOSEPH WOLFF,

Missionary to the Jews.

REVEREND SIR,—When I sat down to expose to the world the fallacies which you have endeavoured to disseminate during your travels, I was aware that my motives might be misconstrued, nor did I expect at your hands ought but recrimination and abuse. I was not mistaken; yet I perused your letter of this morning, in the *Hurkaru*, with some pain, for I am now compelled to expose your proceedings still further, and it is the opinion of many good men, whose respect I desire, that the cause of religion is suffering by this discussion. I have, however, not thrust myself forward to injure but to support that religion, and if I shall have convinced the world that a shallow-headed man like yourself has been practising delusions upon it, I shall have benefitted the cause of truth. There is a wide difference between attacking Christianity and exposing the absurdities of Joseph Wolff, yet it becomes me to reply with calmness and moderation to the rambling contents of your letter.

It is very convenient for you to attack my creed without even attempting to rebut most of the charges which I have brought against you. You no doubt imagined thereby, that my objections dissolved into light air, and that your readers were dealing with a man who had no character. I give you credit for your ingenuity, since you found your cause so utterly stranded, your trumpet broken, and the whole of your labours standing before you like the " baseless fabric of a vision." But know, Sir, that I am a soldier, and belonging to an honorable profession where the principles of honor possess as strong an influence as any moral tie upon earth.

I misrepresented you, Revd. Sir, did I? in my letters; I stated that you believed Napoleon's son to be Dujul. You dare not deny it. I told you that you had given it out you had an interview with Jesus Christ. You refute it not. I accused you of having stated yourself to be one wing of the Beast, you rebut it not. I recorded that you were a caster out of devils, which you admit—and I accused you of believing in Mahomed, which you merely answer by saying that you do not " credit his divine mission." Have I then misrepresented you? I will now give for your elucidation something further on these points. Here is an extract of a letter written by one of our party in Cabool, bearing date the 11th of May 1832, which *I never saw or heard of* till I reached Calcutta- " He (Mr. Wolff) is a promoter of the Christian religion;" he says that he saw Jesus Christ " in Bokhara *in a room* where he put up." Whence your silence about this most important subject? I will answer you; it first exposes the falsehood of your statement, and secondly, a denial or avowal would have committed you, since we are to infer from your silence that you still believe yourself to be travelling under a special providence.

Where too has young Napoleon gone? True it is that he is gathered to his fathers, but he was your Dujul, your anti-Christ, and why have you not contradicted or avowed this part of your Trans-Indus creed? The march of your intellect appears to have kept pace with your march eastward, and your acceptance of 10,000 rupees from a Mahomedan Chief serves to convince me that your tenets, both temporal and spiritual, have undergone considerable alteration in India. Wonder not at it, Mr. Wolff; this is the land of luxury, and why should you not suffer from the general disease?

And you now disbelieve in the Arabian prophet, after seeing your confession of faith in print. I can conceive your chagrin at the denouement, but I will shew it to any of your friends recorded in my journal. It was your belief in Mahommed that made me call you " *liberal*;" for you would not have had me broadly tell you that you were a fool; but if you believed that you had secured my approbation as an itinerant *Christian* Missionary by believing in *Mohammed*, you have deceived yourself.

And now for a word or two regarding your mode of telling truth, and your happy way of escaping falsehood. Turn, Sir, to the 48th page of your Journal, and you will find a continued tissue of deceit regarding Malta which would have disgraced the knights of that little isle in their most degraded days. You call the *Maltese Arabs*, and *Lord Ponsonby is Ponsonby Khan.* Admitting this to be true, did not your hearers believe you were an Arabian, and did you convey to them the impression that you had come from a British colony?—if not, your attempts at varacity prove you not only deceitful, but assuming as the " Arch-heretic" Mahommed himself, in whom you once believed in Cabool.

That which we avow, we are never ashamed of. I did call myself a watch-maker at Koondooz, but then I never set up for the incarnation of morality to which you lay claim. I will tear off the veil from these high pretensions, and shew the inward man before I finish this letter. Throughout the whole of your journey from Persia to Cabool, you never avowed your Christian belief but to Jews and the good Minister of Bokhara. You called yourself a Hajee or Pilgrim wherever you went, and consoled yourself that, as you had come from Jerusalem, you were entitled to that appellation. Your association with Mahommedans might have told you that a Hajee was a Mahommedan pilgrim, and yet you seek to excite the compassion of your readers by telling them that you were sentenced to be burned alive, stripped of your shirts, and the only bed! Why did you meet with this treatment? you gave yourself out as a Hajee, you allowed the people to kiss the hem of your garment, and you gave them your blessing, knowing all the time that the people believed you were a Mahommedan, for that debasing quality of the human mind, vanity, led you to do so. On the morrow it was discovered that you were a " dog of an Israelite," to use the expression of the people, and you might have even escaped this exposure, (for I speak from information on the spot) had you not slept with your feet towards Mecca. Discovered, you proclaimed yourself a christian, but the mahommedans saw not a follower of Christ in the Mahommedan of the preceding evening, and you were pronounced to be a Jew and treated accordingly. I acquit you of wilfully passing yourself off as a Mahommedan, but your veracious title of Hajee, which was both a logical and a moral lie, brought you into a dilemma by which you seek to rouse compassion. You have admitted yourself to be a caster out of devils; pray cast out this vanity from your heart. But stop, you will say, I have not admitted this fact, for I only did it once and not *frequently*. In a letter of your own hand writing, I find you asserting that you cast out devils three times, and that you only desisted because the Arab on whom you operated was wicked and unworthy of your further consideration. Generous man—generous Wolff—I call *three* times casting, *frequently* casting out, and I deduce from your having left the devil after all in the poor Arab, that you consider yourself to be imbued with that power. It is well, therefore, that the world now knows you can cast out evil spirits, since we have your confession to that effect, and here, at least, you admit that you have not been misrepresented.

You and an anonymous friend of your's under the signature of A.P. have accused me of being a Mahommedan, and now you have come forward to call me an infidel: you tell me at the same time, that I liked your interpretation of the bible, &c.*; where will all this contradiction end? I have only to observe that I am very far from receiving your interpretations of the scripture; I asked you to point me out the texts which had converted you to Christianity, and you shewed me a verse setting forth that a King would arise whose power would be spiritual and temporal! Such were not the *exact* words of the text, but it conveys the meaning. I ventured to observe, that the coming of Christ fulfilled the spiritual part of the prophecy, but where was the temporal? Then it was that you fully developed to me your absurd and childish views regarding the Millennium, and well do I remember my fellow travellers falling back on the carpet and shouting out in loud laughter when you told us *that Cashmeer would probably be the new Jerusalem!!* So plastic are your views, and such is the alteration your opinions undergo from seeing distant countries! I told you that I was no Christian according to your views, and I observed that this gave you pain, as I ventured to make another severe remark, that your conversation must have been a very singular one, since it took place at the early *age of nine years*! when you must have been precocious indeed to think of texts. I did not know you complained to Dr. Gerard, but that gentleman has since informed me, that you said I was a tough man to argue with—excuse the vanity, the opinion is your own.

Recrimination, Rev. Sir, is not the best mode of replying to an argument, tho' it be the course which you have adopted. If therefore, I imitate that course, it is not, I assure you, to change my ground or to discard the facts and opinions which I have stated regarding you—it is to add to their force, and *blush, blush, blush*, Sir, to hear what I am about to unfold. In Bokhara, a deputation of Jews waited upon me to ask after you, and to beg that I would give them consolation or hope of you being unable to injure them! They stated that by their representation to the Minister, you had been ejected from their quarter of the city, which offended you, and that you took occasion to tell some of those who yet adhered to you, that through the influence of your wife, *who was a relation of the King of England*, and greater than the Vizier of Bokhara—as well as by the influence of the Prince Royal of Persia!! you would prevail on the high Priest of Jerusalem to send other Rabbis to Bokhara, and found other synagogues, which would *sow dissensions and ruin the* present ungrateful Priests! With this malediction and this threat, you left the scattered children of Israel in that distant city, and I found them in as much fear of the fulfilment of your threat, as they lived in dread of a coming Messiah. I give to yourself, Sir, the injury and unhappiness which you have been causing, and recommend you to fall down before your Maker and pour out your thanksgiving that his ways, which are unsearchable, led an humble individual like myself to these remote countries to give a contradication to what your vanity and your passion in an evil hour led you to utter.

Nor do you appear to have confined yourself, during the the divine mission with which you

* " Our readers will not fail to see that Lieutenant Burnes is represented as avowing infidelity and *taxing Mr. Wolff with unorthodox opinions at one and the same time!* and that that officer is made afterwards to declare that the said unorthodox tenets *which still proclaim the divinity of Jesus*, though unorthodox, are the most reasonable of any he ever met with."—*Bengal Hurkaru, 5th June.*

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believe yourself charged, to a distribution of punishments, but also of rewards. In page 59 of your journal, you speak of one Moollah Khodadad, from whom you wrote down the genealogy of the Jews. He was entitled to your gratitude, I freely grant, since your search after the lost tribes of Israel in Cabool extended no further than this, though I placed a dozen of books at your disposal. You gave out that you sought for the Hebrew people, and a hiatus regarding them would have been unpardonable—we shall admit, then, that you were the Moollah's debtor. What offered you to the said Moollah? to *grant him permission to bring annually to India ten camel loads of goods free of duty, because Lady William Bentinck was your relation, and your request was certain to be granted!* The day after you left Cabool, Khodadad visited me to ask for your note of hand. I was ashamed, and told the good man that he must have mistaken you. Your conscience will best tell you whether the Moollah or yourself is deviating from truth. I myself have heard you promise watches and spy glasses to Nuwab Jubar Khan and others, and you made similar proffers in Bokhara that have not been redeemed, and now you set yourself forth as the paragon of truth.

I have reserved the powerful refutation and [illegible] of your Persian knowledge to the last, [illegible] my remarks will lead to your amendment, a belief that your terms, however [illegible] to yourself, are not so to others. [illegible]ducated native has just been with me, I referred him to your translation of "fulness of the Godhead" (tumamgee khooda); he translates it *God worn out, God undone!!* be the blasphemy, that you have been here disseminating, on your own head! I tell you the translation on the honor of a gentleman, and I add that "tumamgee" is a *Hindoostanee* and not a *Persian* word, and how could you have used it beyond the Indus. Is it in Richardson's dictionary? Moreover, Sir, the word "truly means spirit, but it is the spirit such as the Holy Ghost, and not the English idiom of "spirit of truth:" you are a foreigner and may not perceive this. Do not imagine that I set myself up as a walking Lexicon. I profess simply to have studied Eastern languages as subservient to my duties to Government. I only view them as of colloquial utility, yet I know sufficient of them to have discovered that you spoke an "unknown tongue," though differing from that of your quondam friend Irving. The Nuwab of Cabool told you, in my presence, that you had stated yourself to have knowledge of 14 languages, and that he could not understand one. You say that you referred to me for "words" in the "Afghan dialect," as you are now pleased to term Trans-Indus Persian; but I beg to assure you of my total ignorance of any such dialect, and that in Cabool our conversations were carried on in Persian. When I stated that you were calling the Mahommedans Kaffirs, I was unarguing your knowledge of colloquial Persian, and in page 57 you will find yourself making use of that word. Refer also, Reverend Sir, to your bible, and you will see much wordly scribblement on that book.

Since you have found in me such a teller of unwelcome truths, you have deemed it prudent to act a generous part. I have your regard, your esteem and your gratitude, but I have long learned to distinguish between profession and reality. If you are grateful, why have you not long since paid this bond, attested by the sacred name of Missionary—

"This is to certify that I have received the sum of one thousand Bombay rupees from Mr. Alexander Burnes."

(Sined) *JOSEPH WOLFF, Missionary. Cabool, 11th May,* 1832."

Not only have you not discharged this sum, but you have stated to acquaintances of mine in Calcutta that I had only given you half that sum! I was entitled, Sir, to courtesy from you; if you could not approve of me, I never did ought but oblige you. I never published a line in the public prints regarding you, nor did I write but one or two letters about you, which have never yet seen the world. I clothed you, I fed you, I gave you a horse, and I sent you to India in charge of a confidential servant, and in return I find myself misrepresentd, my services unrequited, my advances unpaid, and yet you accuse me of a want of charity. I have a conscience which tells me that I have discharged the offices and duties of humanity, and if they have passed unnoticed, I have yet the silent approbation of my own heart. The pleasing thought also presents itself to me, that if you have done a service in the cause of God, which I hope rather than believe, I have been one of the humble instruments of aiding you in your cause. The world will now judge between us, and there is a world hereafter which will baffle all hypocrisy, and where neither you nor I can conceal the blackness, the vanity, and the vices of our hearts. Fare thee well; I part with you in the hope of being deceived; I wish you everysuccess in your mission. but I fear that your unconquerable vanity forbids the realization of the wish. You talked to me and you have written about *low-bred missionaries—journeymen shoemaker and carpenter—missionaries [illegible]dy selling missionaries*; but af[illegible] which you have afforded us, [illegible]eed of approbation to these [illegible]d, sober and good men, who [illegible]s in being allied to an Earl, [illegible]nce in silence the cause of [illegible]e enlighted community of [illegible]ered the deficiencies and [illegible]etensions, and in this city [illegible]come as apparent to the body [illegible]er been to,

Your faithful Servant,
ALEX. BURNES.

Calcutta, June 5, 1833.

P. S. I wrote the above letter within a couple of hours after reading yesterday's *Hurkaru*, but you did not prepare me for the tirade of this morning. Revd Sir, it recoils upon yourself; you parted from me yesterday in peace, and to-day I am a "Carlile," tho' to be sure I was yesterday a "devil." I wonder not at your fury—a man conquered in argument generally loses his temper.

6th June.

CHINA.

Substance of governor *Loo's* report to the Emperor, concerning ships going to the north-east. (A copy received February 13th., 1833.)

The first part of the document refers to the Imperial order sent from Peking on the appearance of the *Amherst*, on the coast of *Shan tung*. Governor *Le's* disgrace prevented his sending up a final reply to His Majesty, and Governor *Loo* was so busy with the rebels at the *Leanchow* hills, that he deferred writing fully on the subject till after his arrival at Canton.

Loo quotes the Imperial Order, of July the 28th., 1832, where mention is made of two printed papers, the purport of which was, that trade was not conducted justly at Canton. To answer this allegation, his excellency gives the contrary assertion of *How qua*, junior. *How qua*, &c., in a statement sent in by them to government. They declare that the *consoo fund* is raised by an accurate estimate of the exports and imports, according to old regulations, on which there has long been a mutual good understanding, that all commercial transactions are voluntary—there is nothing compulsory—if one Hong-merchant does not give satisfaction, the foreign merchant may go to another; and, whenever the foreigners please, they may petition government. The merchants are astonished, that foreigners should run to other provinces with these complaints; it is all a pretext for opening a trade to other ports, &c.

Governor *Loo* inquired of *Chung*, the Hoppo, and he gave quite as favorable an opinion of the state of things at Canton. Ever since the port charges were diminished in the 10th year of His Majesty's reign, the foreigners have been very grateful to the Emperor for his tenderness and kindness, and have jumped for joy to pay their duties. The English who have unusually twenty ships a year, had, on the 27th of the 11th moon, twenty-two at Whampoa, and the chief had delivered his cargoes, and paid his duties, as usual, with perfect tranquillity and obedience. The Americans and the country traders, and other nations who come to Canton, had not said a word contrary to the above, and what the Hong-merchants had said, about the justice of their dealings, was quite worthy of credit.

As to the ship *Hooheame* and *Keale*, there were no such names to be found among those that had come to Canton; and the chief Plowden and others had said they knew of no such name. Besides they, being at Canton, were tens of thousands of Chinese miles from their native country; they could not tell what ships might go to *Keang-nan*, *Shan-tung*, &c. However, as prices were higher in the northern ports than at Canton, it is possible that speculators might get up false names of ships, and go in quest of gain.

Still, His Excellency remarks, as by law, English ships are not allowed to go to other provinces to trade, it is incumbent to adopt some regulations to prevent them.

The opinions of Admiral *Le*, of the criminal judge, and the provincial treasurer, have been taken on the subject. And since the seas of Canton and the Chinese coast communicate with foreign seas, the northern ports may be approached by ships that do not touch in Canton. If ships which have entered by the great Ladrone, (which is the most southern island by which foreign ships do enter,) and afterwards proceed to the north; the authorities at the island of *nam ow* (D'Anville *Nanagao*) on the borders of *Canton* and *Fuh-keen*, ought to be able to see and intercept them; and, for such ships, the Canton government be made responsible. But, for ships that may go the northwards by the exterior seas, without touching at Canton, the governments of the northern provinces should be made responsible. Thus, the responsibility will be shared among those whose duty it is to prevent foreign ships approaching the coast to trade, and, the trade being rendered impracticable, the attempts will cease. When no money is to be made, the gain-schemers will discontinue their efforts. Should however the officers on the coast connive at trade, or receive bribes, the provincial governments will, by these regulations be able to point out the offenders to the Emperor, and have them dimissed the service and punished. In these opinions Governor *Loo*, Hoppo *Chung*, and the Foo-yuen *Choo* all agree.

Moreover, should the Hong-merchants deal unjustly—as soon as it is discovered, His Excellency promises to make it known to the Emperor, that the culprit may be punished, for it is his object to preserve mutual tranquillity between the native and foreign merchants, in order to give effect to His Sacred Majesty's wish, to facilitate commerce, and shew tenderness to strangers.

Before sending off the above document, His Excellency received an Imperial Order, dated 6th of January, (11th moon, 16th day), respecting a ship on the coast of Tartary, part of which he quotes, and gives the reply as a postcript.

Reply of Govornor *Loo* and his colleagues, *Choo*, the Fooyuen, and *Chung*, the Hoppo, to the first order, from *Peking*, concerning a ship on the coast.

In obedience to the order received, we forthwith issued commands to the Admiral, and all the *Taou, Foo, Chow*, and *Heen* officers on the coast, to keep up a constant look out on the boundaries; and, as soon as the said foreign vessel should show herselt on the borders of the province, immediately to despatch an armed force to bring her to the provincial city, that we, in reverent obedience to the Imperial Orders, may strictly interrogate the said foreign vessel, to ascertain what her intention was, by disobeying the laws, in not coming to Canton, but going to other provinces. And also to ascertain clearly from her by what sea path she passed by and went. On which evidence we shall act.

If it be found, that she merely designated to sell her cargo for higher prices in other provinces, and had no other intention, we will order the Hong-merchants to trade justly with her; and direct the said chief to put her under strict control, till her hold is empty; and then drive her away to her own nation.

At the same time we ordered the Hong-merchants *Woo showchang*, (How-qua, junior) and others, in obedience to the Imperial order, to enjoin commands upon the said chief, stating that according to the regulations of the Celestial Empire, the said nation's foreign ships are permitted to trade only at Canton; they are not allowed to go clandestinely to other provinces. Hereafter, it is absolutely necessary that they obey the fixed laws—they must not disobey—clearly and decidedly are the commands given to be obeyed.

After this the said Hong-merchants presented a petition from the said chief and others, Plowden, Davis and Daniell, their names being united, saying:—

"Of the various English ships belonging to our English nation none have gone to the north east seas; but we, living at Canton, are far from the exterior seas,—we really cannot know what is doing: hereafter, however, we will, in reverent obedience to the Imperial order communicate orders to the English nation, and the nations dependant upon it—that, exclusive of Canton, the merchant ships of all nations are disallowed going to other provinces of China to trade." Thus the petition came before us from the Hong-merchants.

On examining its sentiment and phraseology, they appeared perfectly submissive* and tremblingly fearful.

Having given orders to the Admiral, commandants, and other officers on the coast, to look out for a foreign vessel from the northeast, and, as soon as she is delivered over by the men-of-war of *Peking, Keang-nan, Che-keang*, and *Fuh-keen* provinces, to transfer her to us, that we may investigate and again report to the Emperor the facts; we now append what we have already done obediently on this subject and lay it before the sacred glance of His Imperial Majesty.—*Canton Register, March* 20.

VOYAGES UP THE COAST.

At the present time, when voyages of adventure along the East coast of China have excited considerable attention, as well in India as here, we think we shall be rendering our readers an acceptable service, in laying before them all that may relate to the subject. The two following *Chops* merit attention, as they show, in plain terms, the anxiety which the officers of the local government labor under, to make it appear to the Emperor, that trade is here conducted, as it is evident he wishes it to be, on the basis of fairness and "benevolence." In answer to the complaint which reached the Emperor, the parties mainly interested in the continuance of the present vicious and ricketty system, apply to the Hong-merchants, for corroboration of what they are pleased to represent to the Emperor, as the truth, viz. that the present is the "best possible" state of things that foreigners jump for joy to pay the duties; that the *consoo fund* is fairly levied, and appropriated, &c. &c. If instead of asking the Hong-Merchants as to the "justice of their dealings," he had made the enquiry of the foreigners he would have found, what is well known to all, that the complaints are not directed against the Hong-merchants individually, but against the system; and, pushing the subject a little further, against the very men, who make these false reports to His Celestial Majesty.

The leniency, which they promise to use on the ship's return, *if it be found that she merely designed to sell her cargo for higher prices in other provinces*, contrasts finely, with all the bullying and blustering, which they indulge in when "instructing" foreigners. Again; His Excellency the Governor engages in case of "any Hong-merchant acting unjustly," to making known to the Emperor, that the culprit may be punished, "*for it is his object to preserve mutual tranquillity between the native and foreign merchants, in order to give effect to His Sacred Majesty's wish to facilitate commerce, and shew tenderness to strangers.*"

Why these attempts, and this anxiety to represent the foreign trade as properly and equitably conducted? Is it not evident, that the wish of the Emperor is, that such *should be* the case, and that he has begun to suspect that there is some remissness or participation on the part of the local government, in the abuses of which he has heard? This appears to us the only feasible explanation, and (if our opinion be well founded,) it proves, more than volumes could do—what all acquainted with China believe to be the case—that the officers of the Canton government form the only obstacle to the attainment of a fair and liberal system, that would be equally advantageous to all parties engaged in it, but in which peculation and bribery, on the gigantic scale to which they are now carried, would not be practicable. The remedy is, we trust, fast approaching:—every vessel that is heard of on the coast cannot fail to strengthen the suspicion already produced, and it may be, that "the voyages up the coast," will, by exciting attention to the subject, tend to effect a change from the present unjust and absurd system.—*Canton Register, March* 20.

* In two copies SHUN, "deep," is used instead of SHUN, "obedient," or "submissive." As "deep" makes no sense, it must be supposed the word "deep" is intended for "obedient."

It is hardly necessary, that we here comment on the humble style in which all communications from Europeans are, with the view of administering to the national vanity, represented as written. This is "old custom."

EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE.

THE DUCHESS OF BERRY, BY CHATEAUBRIAND.

"In 1816 I witnessed the splendid pageant of the entrance of Caroline of Naples into Paris; and shortly after, the ceremony of her marriage with Charles Ferdinand, Duc de Berry. In 1820 I saw the remains of that murdered prince prematurely consigned to the vaults of St. Denis! In 1820 I listened with breathless interest to the peal of artillery which announced to the populace of Paris, the sex of the posthumous infant, so miraculously preserved to the widowed mother, spite of the various attempts made to destroy the germ of its existence. And the painting must be from the heart which can convey an adequate idea of the scene of powerful interest in which the amiable governess of les enfants de France, la Comtesse de Gontaut, presented the infant Henri, Duc de Bordeaux, to those who, like myself, hastened to offer an anxious blessing on the orphan prince, there cradled in every insignia of sorrow and lamentation.

"To the royal wife and mother, who at that period was, at her youthful age, a bright example of the influence of religion, heroism, and domestic affection, these recollections are inscribed.

"The Duc de Berry, last prince of the house of Bourbon in the direct line, was, like the first king of the race, the victim of an assassin's blow. On Sunday, the 13th of Feb. 1820, the Duc and the Duchess de Berry went to the opera, to partake in the amusements customary during the season of the carnival. Between the acts of the first piece they went from their own box to that of the Duc d'Orleans, where his good-humoured laughter, and caresses of the young Duc de Chartres, attracted from the audience their repeated notice and applause. In returning to her box, the duchess slightly hurt herself by the opening of a door, at the moment of passing; and feeling fatigued, she expressed a wish to retire, at about twenty minutes before eleven. The Duc de Berry accompanied her to the carriage, intending to return into the theatre. The duchess's carriage had drawn up to the door, the soldiers on guard were within the lobby, the prince having long waved the etiquette of their attendance under arms: one man remained at the door as a sentinel; and while presenting arms to their royal highnesses, his back was turned to the street, as was that of the Comte de Choiseul, an aide-de-camp in waiting. The Comte de Mesnard, senior equerry to the duchess, conducted her to the carriage on the left, while the duc was on her right. The Comte de Clermont Lodeve (gentleman in waiting) was in attendance, to return to the theatre with the prince. At this moment, a man, coming from the Rue de Richelieu, hastily passed between the sentinel and a servant who was putting up the step of the carriage pushing him aside, he threw himself on the duke, at the instant when, turning from the carriage to re-enter the theatre, he said, 'Adieu! we shall meet by and by.' The assassin, leaning his left hand on the left shoulder of the royal victim, stabbed him with his right hand in the right side, a little below the breast. Thrown back by the blow on the Comte de Mesnard, the duke pressed his hand to the spot, exclaiming. 'I am assassinated—this man has killed me;' and raising his voice, 'I am murdered! I am murdered!—I hold the poniard?' At the first exclamation of the prince, the Comtes de Clermont and de Choiseul, the secretary, the servant, and several other persons, pursued the assassin, who had fled by the Rue de Richelieu. The duchess, whose carriage had not yet driven off, heard her husband's voice, and tried to throw herself from the door, resisting every effort to detain her, and scarcely waiting till the step could be let down. 'Leave me!—I command you to let me pass!' she frantickly cried. The wounded prince made an effort to beg her not to come. Followed by the Comtesse Bethizy (the lady in waiting), she flew to him at the moment he had withdrawn the knife from his bosom, and given it to the Comte de Mesnard, his friend in exile. He was then seated on a bench in the lobby, his head leaning against the wall, and his clothes were opened to examine the wound: it was bleeding profusely. The prince then repeated,—'I am dying!—let a priest be sent for. Come, my wife! that I may expire in your arms." Faintness succeeded. The young princess threw herself on her husband's bosom, and in a moment her splendid attire was steeped in his blood. Meantime the assassin had been taken, and with difficulty saved from the summary vengeance sought by the soldiers. When lodged in the guard-house, he was searched, and another poniard found on him together with the sheath of the one he had left in the bosom of his prince. The most immediate surgical assistance that could be obtained was that of Drs. Blencheton and Drojard, who found the wounded prince removed to the ante-room of his box in the theatre. On regaining his senses, his first inquiry was, 'Whether the guilty man was a foreigner?' and on being answered in the negative, the son of France observed, 'It was cruel to him to die by the hand of a Frenchman!' The duchess earnestly inquired of the surgeons what was their opinion, promising to support it with firmness; and they tried to encourage some hope, from the circumstance of his not having bled at the mouth. After cleaning the wound from the clotted blood, they proceeded to bleed him in the right arm. The sufferer rallied sufficiently to say to the two medical men, that 'he was truly sensible of their kind efforts; but they were useless, as he was beyond cure.' M. Blancheton sought to persuade his royal highness that the wound was not deep: 'I do not deceive myself,' he replied; 'the poniard was buried to the hilt—I say so positively.' The duchess tore off her sash, to serve as a bandage: she alone preserved her presence of mind in these dreadful moments, and evinced a character greatly above the common. The prince, whose sight became more feeble, said, from time to time, 'My wife! are you there?' 'Yes!' replied the princess, wiping her tears, 'I am here, and will never quit you.' One of the professional men, who had at the earliest intelligence flown to offer his aid, and who was particularly attached to the Duc de Berry, was desirous of sucking the wound till the instruments for cupping could be got. 'My dear Bougon,' observed the royal patient, 'what would do you, my friend? my wound is mortal, and probably poisoned!' * * * * * *

"The Duc de Berry had most anxiously requested the attendance of a minister of the church, and the Bishop of Chartres soon arriving, found him supported in an arm-chair, surrounded by the surgeons, and in full possession of his senses. The

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wounded prince held out his hand to this respected prelate; and uttering every sentiment of faith, resignation, and repentence, prayed for the consolation of his support. The bishop exhorted him to rely on the goodness of his Creator, and bestowed a general absolution, according to the forms of the Catholic church, till such time as the penitent could make a more detailed confession. The Comte de Mesnard, still flattering himself that the wound was not mortal, had gone for the Duc d'Angoulême, who had retired to bed, but hastily dressing himself, flew to the scene of suffering, where the meeting between the two brothers was affecting beyond description. They mingled their tears, for expression was denied them. It was then decided to remove the Duc de Berry to an adjoining room, where he was laid on a couch, formed by four chairs, till a camp bedstead could be prepared. The Duc d' Angouleme, fearful of some new calamity, had not allowed the duchess to accompany him on leaving the Tuileries: but madame did not delay to follow him. What were perils to her? Has she ever shrunk from the endurance of sorrow or adversity? To her, scenes of woe were familiar. It was not the first time that the daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette had tended on a dying brother! The Comte d' Artois (afterwards Charles X.) soon followed; and those only who know the kind paternal heart of this afflicted father can judge of his sufferings. Monsieur had insisted on coming unattended; and he knew not that one of his best servants, the Duc de Maillie, had, in order to follow him, bestowed honour on a place the least considered. The Duc de Berry expressed a wish to give his blessing to mademoiselle (the princess, his daughter). She was brought to him by the Comtesse de Gontout, when the prince, placing his nerveless hand on his child, 'Poor girl,' said the dying father, 'may you be less unhappy than others of my family. The Duc (present King of the French) and Duchesse and Mademoiselle d'Orleans, with whom he had been at the theatre, were added to the sorrowing party, which was also joined by the father of the Duc d'Enghien (late Duc de Bourbon). Bleeding of the feet was tried ineffectually; but, after repeated application of thecups, some relief was obtained; the pulse became stronger, the complexion re-animated, the blood flowed freely. The anxious group rejoiced to see blood flow! The celebrated Mons. Dupuytren arrived at one o'clock. He found the prince lying on his right side. His paleness, his altered features, his short breathing, the groans which escaped from his bosom, the cold sweat which hung on his brow, his convulsive movements, the disorder of his blood-stained bed, and above all the horrid wound exposed, struck consternation into the mind of a man whose duty, however, called him daily to scenes of mental suffering. The prince informed M. Dupuytren, extending his hand to him, that he suffered great pain; when, after examining the wound, and some conversation with the practitioners previously in attendance, it was decided to enlarge it, as the only means of giving vent to the blood collected on the lungs. M. Dupuytren approached the prince, and questioned him as to his feelings; but not obtaining any reply, he requested the Duchesse de Berry to repeat the inquiry. 'I entreat you, my beloved, to say, or point out to me the spot where you suffer most pain.' When recalled by a voice so dear, he took his wife's hand and placed it on his breast, making an effort to express that he was suffocating. Monsieur was desirous that his daughter-in-law should withdraw during the operation: 'My father,' she said, 'do not force me to disobey you!' and turning to the professional men, 'Gentlemen, she added, 'do your duty!' She knelt by the bed-side during the operation, holding the prince's left hand. When the caustic was applied, the Duc de Berry exclaimed, 'Leave me to die, since it must be so.' 'My beloved,' said his weeping wife, 'endure this for my sake.' One word from this young and amiable princess softened his agonies, and he became all resignation to the will of God. When this painful operation was over, the Duc de Berry passing his hand over the duchess's hair, said, 'My poor wife, how unhappy you are!' The depth of the wound was now ascertained. The knife with which it had been inflicted was six or seven inches long, the blade flat, narrow, and with two edges, like that of Ravailiac, and extremely sharp. * * * * *

"A few moments of tranquillity followed the painful operation alluded to. To the dying is generally granted a short cessation from suffering, which affords time for a rapid glance at the past—like the traveller who rests for a moment on the summit he has laboured to ascend, before he turns his footsteps down the opposite side of the mountain. The prince placed his hand in that of M. Dupuytren, and begged that he would give him notice of any change in his pulse; thus placing at the post of life a sentinel too vigilant to permit of his being surprised by death. *Mors ubi est victoria tua?* During this respite from pain, he addressed these words to the Duchesse de Berry: 'My dear love, do not let grief overpower you; take care of yourself, for the sake of the infant you carry in your bosom. This declaration afforded the truest satisfaction to all present, while the regrets for the prince were rendered even more bitter; who, at the moment he was, to all appearance, putting an end by his death to the existing monarchy, thus considerately announced its revival. Wherever the Duc de Berry turned his closing eyes, it was to evince some kind and grateful feeling. He was surrounded by weeping servants: 'My father, he exclaimed, 'take charge of these good people—of all my household.' Violent reachings followed. The prince continued to assert that the poniard was poisoned. He had previously requested to see his assassin:—'What have I done to this man?' he said; 'I may have offended him unintentionally.' 'No, my son, replied monsieur, 'you never offended this man; he could have no personal enmity against you.' 'He is then a madman,' observed the duke. He was most anxious for the arrival of the king (Louis XVIII,): 'I shall not have time,' he said, to ask for this man's pardon;' and then added, 'promise me, my father, promise me, my brother, that you will solicit his pardon from the king.'

"The Duc de Berry had, during his emigration in England, formed a connexion, which, though forbidden by religion, to human weakness may be excused, under the circumstances of the royal exile. At the moment of his death, desiring not less to give a public proof of the sincerity of his penitence, than of his confidence in the high soul and generosity of his wife, he expressed to her a wish to embrace the two little innocent creatures, the daughters of his banishment. 'Send for them,' exclaimed the young princess; 'they are also my children.' The two little strangers arrived in less than an hour. They knelt down, sobbing, by the bed-side of their royal father, their faces bathed in tears, and their hands clasped. The prince, in English, tenderley spoke of his approaching death, desired they would love and fear God, be good, and remember their unhappy father. He then blessed them, and embraced them; and turning to the Duchesse de Berry, said, 'Will you, then, be so good as to take care of these poor orphans? Her royal highness opened her arms to receive them; and calling mademoiselle to her, she desired they would kiss their sister. The feelings of deep sorrow for the dying prince were only equalled by the admiration and respect which his princess inspired amongst the beholders. He was placed on a mattrass on the floor, while his bed was arranged. It was then he made his private confession to the Bishop of Chartres, and afterwards avowed his faults in an audible voice. He recalled to the beholders the scene of St. Louis expiring on his bed of ashes. In asking pardon of his Creator for himself, he added, 'pardon; my God, pardon for the man who has robbed me of life.' After receiving the extreme unction, and piously conforming to every religious duty, the prince felt his last hour drawing near. 'How long is this night!' he was heard to murmur; 'how I suffer! will the king soon arrive?' He repeatedly called his father, who, stifling his sobs, assured him he was near him. He was told that the mareschals were arrived. 'I had hoped,' said the expiring man, 'to have shed my blood amongst them for my country.' Night of horror and of pleasure! night of virtue and of crime! While the wounded son of France was borne dying to the ante-room of his box, the performances continued on the stage. In one spot the sounds of music, in the other the groans of the expiring prince. The curtain only separated the follies of the world from the destruction of a dynasty. The priest, who bore the holy cup of salvation, passed through a crowd of masks. At length the unconscious spectators dispersed, and pleasure gave way to grief; the streets were deserted, silence reigned interrupted only by the tramp of guards, and the arrival in succession of persons attached to the court: some in full dress from *fêtes*, others hastily called from their beds."

"Three bulletins had been despatched to the palace of the Tuileries. At five o'clock, A. M., the king arrived. The true statement of the prince's danger had not been made to him. The dying man, hearing the noise of the horses in the street, seemed to rally; and on the king's entrance, rousing himself as for the purpose—'Give me your hand, my uncle!' he said, 'that I may kiss it for the last time.' The king approached, overwhelmed by his grief. and embraced his nephew; when the Duc de Berry earnestly exclaimed, 'Grant me, my uncle, the life of *the man!*' 'You are not so ill as you imagine,' answered the king, deeply affected; 'we will speak of this another time.' 'The king does not say "yes," observed the prince, still persisting in his entreaty:—'pardon for this man, that I may die in peace!'—then, after a short interval, 'This man's pardon would, however, have softened my last moments;' and, while his accents became imperfect by the near approach of death, he still murmured, 'At least let me carry with me the hope that a fellow-creature's blood will not be shed for me after my death!' The king inquired, in Latin, of M. Dupuytren, his opinion of the prince. His reply was a gesture that left no hope to his majesty. Still, there was a return of some strength, and momentary relief from the excitement of the meeting with the king; and the Duc de Berry signified his uneasiness that his rest should have been disturbed, begging him to return to his bed; but his majesty replied, '*My* night is over, my son;—it is now five o'clock and I shall not quit you.' Day, in fact, then dawned on the expiring martyr—about to awake amidst angels, at the moment when he was accustomed on earth to shake off the bonds of sleep. Feeling his end drawing ne[illegible],—'It is now over!' he said, and added, on hearing a burst of sorrow from the princess, 'Take her hence, my father; her sobs distract me!' Her royal highness was borne forcibly from the room to one adjoining; but on promising to be more calm, she was suffered to return to that in which her dying husband was. Every shadow of hope had fled, and the most alarming symptoms had appeared. The Duc de Berry desired to be turned on the other side. The medical men opposed this, but the royal patient insisted. He was heard to murmur, 'Holy Virgin, have mercy on me!' These were his last words. He was turned on his left side, as he wished. In an instant every faculty had fled. When removed from the sight of her husband, the duchess lost all self-command, and gave herself up to the most frightful despair. To the Comtesse de Gontant she cried, 'Madame, I confide my daughter to you:—my husband is dead, and I also will die! And then, breaking from those who would have prevented her, she flew back to the chamber of death, and, overthrowing every thing that stopped her progress, she flung herself, screaming, on the body of her husband. The Duc de Berry had just expired! In vain the glass of the king's snuff-box was placed on his lips—the breath of life was extinct! It had returned to God! Every one present fell on his knees; united in tears and prayer, every eye was turned to heaven.

"'I have a last duty to perform,' said the king, when urged to retire;—'I have a last duty to perform towards my son!' Leaning on M. Depuytren's arm, he approached the bed, closed the eyes of the dead, and, tenderly kissing his hand, withdrew without uttering a word. The spectators silently dispersed."—*London Literary Gazette.*

THE HATFIELD ABSURDITIES.

The grand event of the week, judging from the space it occupies in the Daily Papers, is undoubtedly the "Festivities," as they are called, at Hatfield. The *Morning Herald* and the *Morning Post* had been profuse on the subject; and on Friday the *Post* published a despatch containing "Further Particulars" of the "splendid fête." People have a perfect right to make themselves as ridiculous as they please; but then, we trust, the right of others to laugh at them is equally well understood.

The festivities of Hatfield appear to have been absurdity *en règle*,—that is to say, something that would be famous fun for the observer, if it were not so abominably dull. The richest piece of absurdity becomes a bore, on being embroidered and elaborated into an unwieldy piece of tedious folly. As for the festivities, thank Heaven, our sins are not so manifold as to have imposed our presence by way of penance; and to read of them over the breakfast-table, is far from unpleasant. In fact, it has constituted at too many tables a dangerous piece of fun: folks have laughed beyond the limits of decorum, and to the imminent danger of tea and tea-services. We trust our old friend George Cruikshank will take the hint and get up a series of "tabbyloos," as the footmen call them: he will make a far better Master of the Arts on the occasion than either Wilkie or Hayter.

Wilkie, indeed, does not seem to have done his business well. Hayter drew up the curtain at the right moment; but lady Lyndhurst, as the virgin Jewess, was looking the wrong way upon her sturdy wooer *Bois Guilbert*. We think Lady Lyndhurst should have been left to the management of her own position on the occasion; and we will be bound to say, that a lady of her intelligent experience would have committed no such solecism as is here *Morning Posted*.

"Amongst the tableaux, one of the most remarkable was that taken from the description in *Ivanhoe*, where *Rebecca*, to avoid the pursuit of the Knight, threatens to throw herself from the battlements of the Castle. Lady Lyndhurst, covered with jewels, and looking remarkably well, personated *Rebecca*, and Lord Grimston the Knight: their attitudes, however, were more *for effect than according to nature;* and *Rebecca*, instead of looking at the Knight, when she is supposed to exclaim, that 'if he advanced a step further she would throw herself Wilkie, from the embrasure,' seemed to look quite another way. Whether Wilkie, who placed the parties, is to blame for this, is more than we can say."

And then there is Lady Salisbury, in her old scarlet gown, which the newspapers politely term her "favourite carnation robe;" and Lord Hillsborough, famous for his expert butchery, in a complete suit of mail, as *Cœur dé Lion*—he should have played *Front-de Bœuf* to the father of Lady Lyndhurst's Virgin. Count Walewski, in armour of gold, and Lords Grimston and Wilton and Ossulston, &c., in all the bravery they could pick up among the property-merchants, *alias* the frippery-shops, of London. It is lucky Sir Walter is dead: what must he have felt at the idea of such incarnations of his admirable personages! Formal misses, stiff lordlings, dissipated countesses, and stupid single gentlemen, by the aid of frippery-dealers and milliners, transmogrified into a series of the most brilliant inventions of the human intellect! And this not dramatized, but only dressed: the lordlings did not venture to speak—that would indeed have destroyed the illusion; they could only *look*—and, good Heavens! how they must have looked!

There is scarcely any length of absurdity that personal vanity will not go: when joined with a little aristocratic countenance, there is hardly any ridicule that even the hangers-on—the *juste milieu* of society—will not brave. Here is a parcel of people assuming characters (having excellent reasons, no doubt, for being dissatisfied with their own) which must necessarily expose them to the universal laugh of their acquaintance from John o'Groat's to Land's End: and at this moment, no doubt, they are congratulating themselves on having bored an "uncommon large" audience for a great length of time. But not only do they thus get up a tenantry and a neighbourhood to admire and wonder at their costly follies—they must also print it! What generous martyrs of folly! Here is stolidity in robes, volunteering itself to become the fun of the kingdom for the whole of an ensuing week. *This is* patriotism; and we are happy to say, wholly of a Conservative character.

However, we will not be ill-natured: we like our fool—his cap and bells set off the hearse and the mourning-coach, the prison and the poor-house. The splendid absurdities of Hatfield read well with the Factory Reports, and the account of industrious poor creatures sent to gaol for selling apples and stinking fish in the sweet purlieus of Shoreditch Church. It is life; and, together, makes up our morning meal of intelligence—the *aigre-doux* of the Daily Press.

A VISIT TO CHATSWORTH.

(*From the Correspondence of a Foreign Nobleman.*)

In our route from Sheffield to Chatsworth we traversed a picturesque and somewhat wild range of country; a gloomy, feudal mansion, with grey and moss-grown turrets, would have harmonized well with the scenery around us. But in place of this, the eye looks down upon a valley in the distance, out of which rises, a palace, fresh with youth or renovation; its extent expanding over a site of richest verdure. It may be likened to the smiling thought which crosses a serious page. Chatsworth is a building in the Italian taste; but we had just seen Wentworth House, and it was probably the aspect of its chaste, noble, and harmonious proportions, which induced us to conceive the Duke of Devonshire's residence wanting in symmetry. The later portions of this princely edifice are of prodigious extent; indeed, it is not possible for a stranger to conjecture the destination of so many congregated piles: they are like the first erections for a whole quarter of a city. An entrance gateway of stone, veined like marble resembling a triumphal arch, opens upon a narrow court, which lies upon the terrace that surmounts the lawn; and in this way the visitor gains the palace by its flank. The vestibule, or rather the pit of the staircase, lies at one of its extremities. The first statue which our eyes encountered at the foot of this staircase, was that of Napoleon's mother, Letitia Bonaparte. She is represented sitting; but despite the skill of Canova's chisel, the figure is devoid of dignity: it bears a plebeian air about it. In no other quarter had I seen so many of Canova's works congregated under the same roof as at Chatsworth. It is not the greatest of Devonshire's merits that he enjoys an immense income: he is distinguished for more than this—a passionate love for the five arts. Here, then, you have a mansion resembling rather a splendid museum, than reared for a ducal house. I was greeted in every hall, saloon, and chamber, by such a profusion of gods and demi-gods, heroes and emperors, king and consuls, as abstracted al thought from lowly, every-day circumstances. A variety of master pieces, which had attracted my admiration at Malmaison, again came under my survey at Chatsworth; in one of the apartments, I recognised a portrait of the Princess Borghese, in which she is masked as a *vestal virgin* with a close flat veil wound about her head; but I may not envy the painter who has thus consecrated his ingenuity as a caricaturist. In one part of the building there is a long gallery completely tapestried with sketches and studies by the first masters; here indeed is genius soaring in all the fervour of originality; those dashes of black and white, incomprehensible though they be to vulgar eyes, are the rich, and glowing, and intrepid conceptions of a Michael Angelo, a Rafael, a Salvator, a Rubens, a Teniers, a Ponssin, a Reynolds, a West, a David, a Lawrence, a Le Gros, a Girodet, a Gérard, and a Vernet Without whole days and nights of meditation, who shall appreciate the fine arts, in the fullness of their glory, as they are seen at Chatsworth?—For myself, I had, alas! but one single morning left for a passing glance. My head and memory were fairly crushed under the pressure of what I would fain have charged them with. I have not forgotten several statues from the chisel of a young English sculptor, Gibson, of Liverp[illegible] a pupil both of Canova and Throwaldsen [illegible] has evidently imbibed the inspiration of a[illegible] an sky; though his manner has retained [illegible] niscence of his native clime. That [illegible] a youth holding a butterfly, is in p[illegible] mould: 'it's neither Greek nor Rom[illegible] other emanations of his master-mind [illegible] well render his fellow-countrymen proud o[illegible] successful cultivation. Beside Canova's Dancing Girl and Hebe, the Swede Thorwaldsen has a splendid figure, which stamps genius as being the child of every region, from frozen north to ardent south.

In the midst of the modern splendours of Chatsworth, it is a difficult task to detect the ancient structure, such as it was fifty years back At the present day, a terrasced platform separates it from the river. A narrow slip of mead extends beneath the terrace, declining gradually towards the water. The view is noble and delightful when beheld from the avenue; one of the lateral *facades* commands a regular lawn, terminated by a long straight *allée*; and at the opposite end is a French parterre, on which the windows look down. The mansion being situated on the slope of a declivity, the gardens, which range behind it, decline towards the building, and advantage has been taken of the falling ground, to construct a cascade, on the model of that at St. Cloud. Its waters flow from a small temple which overlooks the entire scene. The whole environs of Chatsworth are laid out in the French and Italian style; but it is much to be regretted that greater talent or taste did not preside over this portion of its embellishments.

As I explored this more than splendid,—this wonder-exciting residence of the Dukes of Devonshire, my thoughts reverted to the present possessor's mother, whom I knew when young, and radiant with the triple glow of youth, affluence, and intellect. The late Duchess was warmly attached to literary pursuits; and that she possessed a gifted mind as well as taste, let Delille attest, who rendered her lays familiar to the admirers of poesy amongst his own countrymen. I quitted Chatsworth not without asking myself what inducement its noble owner could ever have found to forsake such an elysium, for rough-shod roads, and such a roof, for comfortless caravanseries, under foreign skies?—*Court Journal.*

MISCELLANEA.

There is a requisition in progress to call on Mr. Young, of Portland Place, to stand as a candidate for the representation of Marylebone, in the event of Sir William Horne's promotion to the bench. Mr. Young was Chairman of Sir William Horne's Committee.

FEMALE CONGRESS.—A meeting was held in Portland Street, Glasgow, on Tuesday se'nnight last, composed wholly of female delegates from the different power-loom factories, in Glasgow and neighbourhood, the object of which was to consult on the best measures to be adopted in the present momentous crisis of their affairs. The chair was filled by a female, and the different resolutions drawn up and submitted to the meeting entirely by females. A President, Secretary, and Treasurer, with a Committee, were then chosen, who proceeded to collect the money forwarded by the different delegates. A vote of thanks was then given to the President, for her conduct in the chair, three cheers were then given for the time bill, and a vote of thanks to Sir D. K. Sandford, for his spirited and proper answer to the "Zealots" on the Sabbath, last week, after which the meeting broke up in the greatest harmony. —*Liberator.*

TOUT EST PERDU.—The newspapers tell us that several members of parliament decline the Speaker's invitations to dinner on account of the dress and etiquette usual on that occasion. This is a very bad symptom; we all know what the chamberlain said when Rollin entered the Tuileries with shoe-strings.—"Tout est perdu;"—the revolution wa[illegible] this innovation is yielded to[illegible] of the unfinal nature of th[illegible] next thing will be that [illegible] causes in their own hair, [illegible] court in shooting-jackets. [illegible] make a stand here or neve[illegible] wisdom of the choice of M[illegible] er: it was clearly design[illegible] forms and old usages should [illegible] breach to resist this vile conspiracy again[illegible] order and decorum.

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